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# On Campus with Max Shulman

(*Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy With Cheek."*)

## EVOL SPELLED BACKWARDS IS LOVE

They met. His heart leapt. "I love you!" he cried.

"Me too, hey!" she cried.

"Tell me," he cried, "are you a girl of expensive tastes?"

"No, hey," she cried. "I am a girl of simple tastes."

"Good," he cried, "for my cruel father sends me an allowance barely large enough to support life."

"Money does not matter to me," she cried. "My tastes are simple; my wants are few. Just take me riding in a long, new, yellow convertible and I am content."

"Goodbye," he cried, and ran away as fast as his little stumpy legs would carry him, for he had no yellow convertible, nor the money to buy one, nor the means to

They lit their Marlboros. They puffed with deep contentment. "You know," he said, "you are like a Marlboro—clean and fresh and relaxing."

"Yes, I am clean and fresh and relaxing," she admitted. "But, all the same, there is a big difference between Marlboros and me, because I do not have an efficacious white Selectrate filter."

They laughed. They kissed. He screamed.

"What is it, hey?" she asked, her attention aroused.

"Look at the speedometer," he said. "We have driven 200 miles, and this car costs ten cents a mile, and I have only $20 left."

"But that is exactly enough," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but we still have to

"I am clean and fresh and relaxing," she admitted

get the money—short of picking up his stingy father by the ankles and shaking him till his wallet fell out.

He knew he must forget this girl, but lying on his pallet at the dormitory, whimpering and moaning, he knew he could not.

At last an idea came to him: though he did not have the money to buy a convertible, perhaps he had enough to rent one!

Hope reborn, he rushed on his little stumpy legs (curious to tell, he was six feet tall, but all his life he suffered from little stumpy legs) he rushed, I say, to an automobile rental company and rented a yellow convertible for $10 down plus ten cents a mile. Then, with many a laugh and cheer, he drove away to pick up the girl.

"Oh, bully!" she cried when she saw the car. "This suits my simple tastes to a 'T.' Come, let us speed over rolling highroads and through bosky dells."

Away they drove. All that day and night they drove and finally, tired but happy, they parked high on a wind-swept hill.

"Marlboro?" he said.

"Yum, yum," she said.

drive home."

"Oh," she said. They fell into a profound gloom. He started the motor and backed out of the parking place.

"Hey, look!" she cried. "The speedometer doesn't move when you are backing up."

He looked. It was true. "Eureka!" he cried. "That solves my problem. I will drive home in reverse. Then no more miles will register on the speedometer and I will have enough money to pay!"

"I think that is a smashing idea," she said, and she was right. Because today our hero is in the county jail where food, clothing, and lodging are provided free of charge, and his allowance is piling up so fast that in two or three years he will have enough money to take his girl riding again.

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***Marlboro Cigarettes, good as they are, should not be smoked backwards. We, the makers of Marlboro, most earnestly urge you to light only the tobacco end. Otherwise your smoking pleasure will be substantially diminished.***

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/hldv0004